Veil 7:
Warmest blue

SCENE 71

The Reason

Look!

Your boots are so **loose.** I had no idea...

I've been wearing loose boots, have I?

You should really be wearing clothes that are a proper fit.

Why don't I choose you a pair?

Ohhh-kay.

Really, now?

And then I'll be needing to buy a pair of shoes that match nicely with them...

Oh, yes. It's a **need**, not a **want.**

We...

...are going **shop-ping!**

Go and get dres-sed!

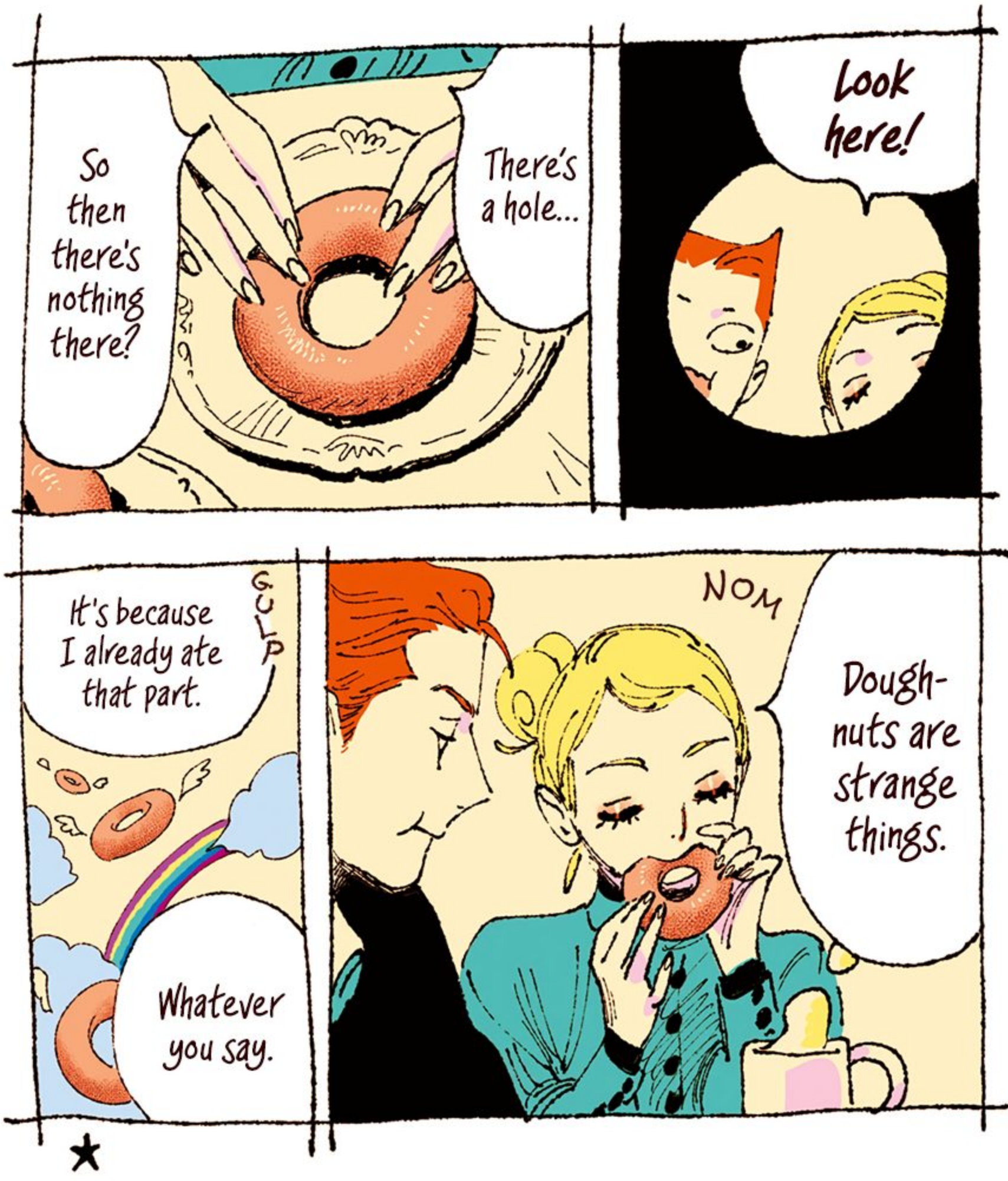
Is that so...

WHAP

★

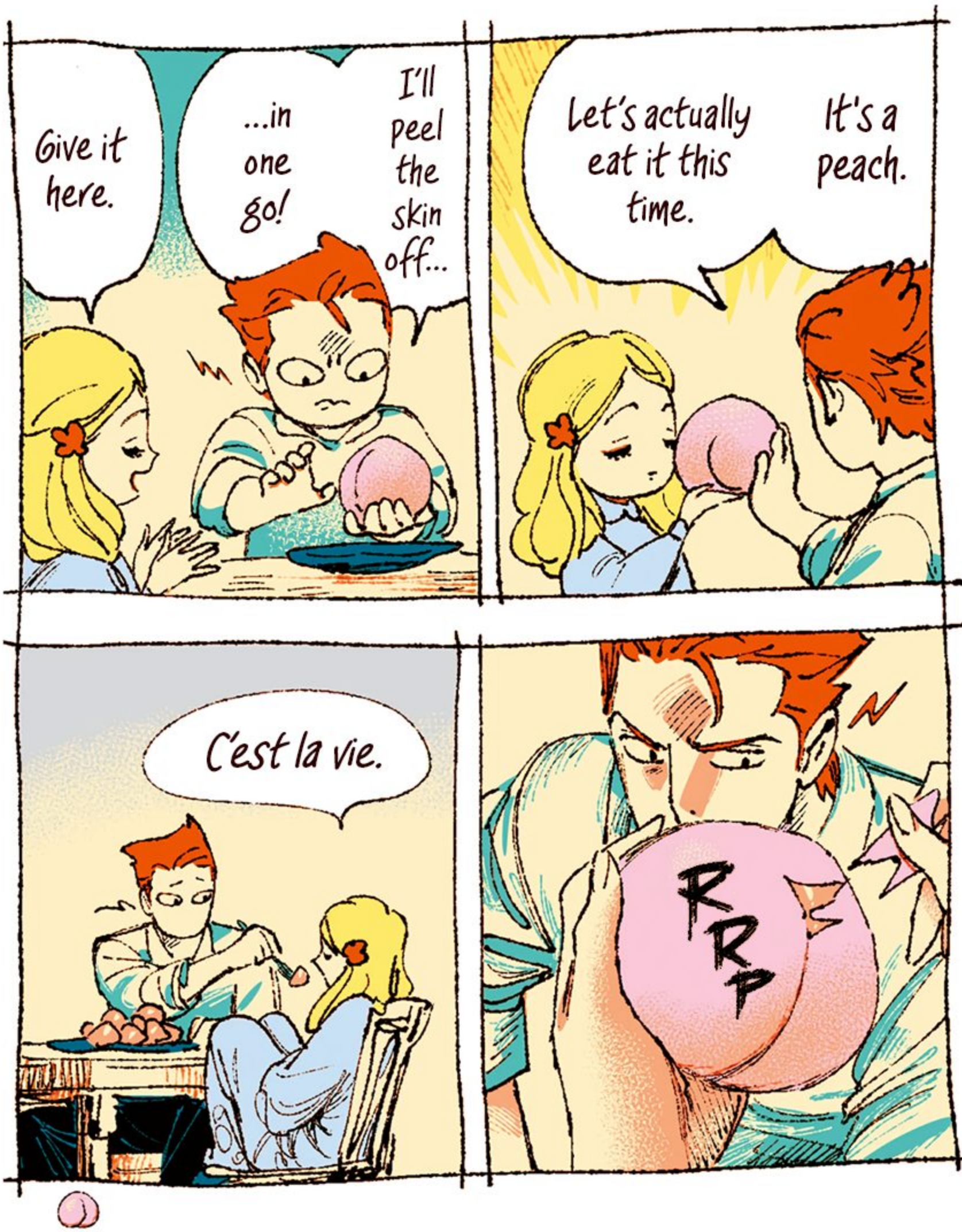
EXTRA SCENE

Doughnut



EXTRA SCENE

Challening the Peach



Though the man's lips made no such sound,
a smile was drawn to the lady's, claiming she had heard them curl upwards.
That stays with me vividly.
"Even though it falls from the same sky, snow is so silent", the man wonders.
"Snow eats all sound", the lady replies while suckling a grape.
Whilst the man has likely experienced countless snowy days gone by
and many more to come, the description of snow eating sound appeared new to him.
Nevertheless, he seemed to have comprehended the sentiment and
began jotting something down in a notepad dwarfed in size by his hand.
(As an aside, I don't do well in snow.)

The two continued to discuss their favourite sounds, but somewhere around there,
as I stifled my belly's rumbling from the aromas that had filled my space, I started to drift off.
Then, bang, the roar of thunder jolted me awake.
For an instant there, I flickered my headlights, but it escaped the pair's notice.
Their faces were fixated on the sky from whence the thunder came.
"That explains why my hair was standing on end", the man lightheartedly remarks.

Perhaps to protect themselves from the thunder, the two threw a blanket over their heads.
As such I could only hear their conversation here on in bits and pieces–
a recollection of a certain stormy day.
On that evening, the lady came desperately knocking on his door it seems.
The thunder striking directly overhead of the building had her frozen stiff.
The man also admitted to his nervousness then. But as their conversation turned to the scent of cologne
emanating from her, before long, the storm had dispelled and they had ended up in a slumber...
I wonder if on that night before too, they were huddled under the bedsheets like this.
The rain continued for some time afterwards.
The lady was in good humour once more.

A story from the other day.
Contrary to the forecast streaming on the radio, there was a light drizzle.
As such, the picnic was held under my own roof.
In the rear passenger seats sat a man and a lady, the aromas of sandwiches
and black tea filling the air.

The mood may have been lighter had the skies been clear.
"The sound of rain drowns everything out", the lady expresses her distaste.
The man's eyes make complicated movements around.
From the sky to the ground then to the lady his gaze wanders, as if the response
he was looking for had morphed into a droplet falling somewhere around him.
He nods his head a few times. "I quite like the sound of rain, myself."
"Of course, it depends on the time and place. Today, not so much." He blurts in addition.
"What sounds do you like?" I wonder why it took until now to ask her that.
His voice obstructed by the bite of sandwich in his mouth brings out a giggle in the lady...

The lady dreamily lists out:
The crunch of perfectly baked bread, the crack of an egg.
The shrill tink of a fork hitting a wine glass.
The sound of a Zippo lighter opening and of matches lighting...
The roar of the sea, far different from rain.
She adores the tinge of affection heard in her guard dog's barks.
Furthermore, the jangling of metal from within a man's uniform.
The shuffle of leather at the waist. The light sounds of horse bits that adorn the shoes.
The sounds of running through a gallery. The forceful thuds of boots.

What the Black Car Heard